

Don't Open the Door

I wouldn't open the door if I were you...

This is a story that I was involved with but happened to a girlfriend of mine. I was working one night and when I got out I found I had a text from her saying she was staying the night alone, was creeped out and asking if I wanted to come keep her company? Of course I did! It was maybe another hour before I got started, and she lived in a house with her uncle that was outside of town maybe 40 minutes away. As I pull up the street towards her drive I almost get run off the road by a white truck. I get to the house to find it surrounded by police, many with guns drawn. I get stopped but she is outside and convinces the police that she had called me and asked me to come over. It was then that I heard the full story of what happened.

She had just gotten back from a run, and when she got home she went straight in, locked up and took a shower. After relaxing for a bit in the basement where her bedroom was she went upstairs to the kitchen. She walked past the front door and found the door unlocked. This was when she texted me but she did not freak out yet. Another hour goes by and she is in the basement when she hears glass break upstairs. She panics and runs to her bedroom, locking the door behind her and hides under the bed. Not sure how long it has been she is getting ready to crawl out and look around when she sees the door push in ever so slightly and the knob rattle. All the way back under the bed she texts her mom that someone is in the house and please call the police. A few minutes go by and nothing happens. Just as she peeks out from under the bed she notices that the door is pushed in as if someone is leaning against it. At that point she hears someone talking quietly in the hallway.

At first it sounds like two people but then she realizes it is one man talking to himself. Arguing with himself actually. It sounded like he was arguing to leave right away at the same time as talking himself into staying and breaking down the door. Then he mumbles 'Police, yes, the Police are here'. He repeats this several

times getting louder and louder until finally he starts to bang on the door. 'Hello, we know you are in there. This is the police. Open the door!' She doesn't respond and after a few minutes the man starts talking to himself again. 'She won't open the door'. 'She shouldn't open the door'. 'I am a nice person, I just want to talk'. 'I will break the door down if she doesn't answer me'. This kind of talk continued for a time, sometimes him talking to himself, sometimes talking to her.

Suddenly there is silence. A few more minutes go by and then there is a frantic banging on the door, along with him screaming 'I wouldn't open the door if I were you!' At almost that exact moment she hears shouts coming from upstairs. It sounds like multiple voices and they are yelling 'Police, is anyone here!' She doesn't move as she hears movement upstairs, then finally moving downstairs. At a soft knock on the door she bursts into tears upon hearing multiple voices stating they are the police and is everything okay? It took her a while to get coaxed out from under the bed and to open the door, where she found 6 officers waiting.

They took her upstairs, she told them her story. They said they arrived to find the front door wide open and had searched everywhere in the house but found no one. Notes were being taken and several officers were getting ready to leave when the sound of breaking glass from downstairs caused everyone to jump, and most of the officers drew their guns and ran downstairs. They found a window to the back yard broken almost completely out. It was roughly at this point that I was driving up, and it took another hour before I had heard everything. Every one was quite shaken up, almost in a stunned state of disbelief. No one had any idea who had been in the house or what they were trying to do. Upon inspection they had found that glass near the front door had been broken out, then cleaned up so it wasn't immediately noticeable.

I brought her back to my place that night and it wasn't until the next morning that I was chilled to the bone realizing that the truck I was almost run off the road by was most likely driven by

whoever had been in the house. Nothing was ever found after that. This happened almost 8 years ago and it still gives me chills thinking what could have happened...